

# DAILY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

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## FOUR CULTURED MAIDENS.

From the maddening crowd they stand apart,  
The maidens four and the work of art:

And none might tell from sight alone  
In which had culture ripest grown—

The Gotham Million fair to see,  
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,  
Or the sinful soul from Kalamazoo—

For all loved Art in a seemingly way,  
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

Long they worshiped; but no one broke  
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,  
Who, blushing, said: "What a lovely vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,  
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughtiest soul was stirred  
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Defiantly hiding reproach in pride,  
She cried: "It is indeed a lovely vase!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when  
The lofty one from the house of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpas,  
Exclaims: "It is a lovely vase!"

And glances around with an anxious thrill  
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteous,  
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!"

"I did not catch your remark, because  
I was so entranced with the charming vase!"

—Life.

## HIS LITTLE SISTER.

### A War Episode Told by an Ex-Confederate Soldier.

Somewhere among the archives of the Confederate Government may be found a document dated about September 3, 1864, wherein Joseph Wilson was sentenced to be shot, and on the back of which is the indorsement, "Approved—Jefferson Davis, President." You see, my command was then in Virginia, and it was war times of a certainty. We rebels were hard pushed on all sides, having little to eat and less to wear, and it did seem as if a fight had got to be a matter of daily occurrence. Some of us were philosophers enough to endure what we couldn't cure, but the young men, and especially the chaps who had been conscripted, were terribly uneasy. They were ready to give it up as a lost cause and start for home.

Well, this feeling, coupled with starvation rations, ragged uniforms and daily fighting, sent a good many of our boys over to the Union lines as deserters, and this brings about my story. One of the conscripts in my company was a boy of seventeen named Joe Wilson. All us fellows of thirty or thereabouts felt like a father to him. Aside from his youth he was poor and pale, with no march or fight in him. Bless you! but the idea of little Joe Wilson helping to breast a Yankee line of battle would have set us all in a roar. He often been home with his ma, and none of us felt anything but pity for him.

One night, after the desertions had gone on and become so numerous that the big officers had to take notice of 'em, a trap was set, and lo! our poor little Joe fell into it. Yes, sir—nabbed "in the act of deserting to the enemy," and maybe you know what that signifies, especially when that enemy isn't cannon-shot away? It was a surprise to us that the lad had plucked up courage nuff to make a break, but I reckon he was desperately sick of the Confederacy, and hoped in some manner to get back to his home.

It was determined to make an example of little Joe, and I guess it wasn't over ten days before he was convicted, and sentence approved at Richmond and an order read that he was to be shot at a certain hour. I suppose it was all quite proper and according to army regulations, but it must have gone hard with the men on that court-martial to convict him. Had he been guilty of murder I could not have aided to bring in a verdict against him.

Nobody had seemed to know or care whether he had relatives or not, and so our surprise was great to learn, on the day before he was to be shot, that a little sister had arrived in camp to plead for little Joe's life. It was too late. She had been denied by the President, and of course nobody in the field had any authority to stop the execution. She was in camp all day long, and most of us got to see her. If I should tell you that she was the brightest, chippiest, sweetest gal of ten I ever saw I would only be telling you the truth. She was exactly like Joe in looks, 'cept a few points handsomer, and she had his size and walk and ways. Tell you, comrades, when I saw that gal—I believe her name was Nell—breaking down under the bad news and realizing her helplessness, I'd have been willin' to let 'em shoot me in Joe's stead! 'Deed, I would, though I say it so long after. I just wanted to lay my hand on her curly head and say:

"There, there, poor child—don't cry any more! I'm all alone in the world and nobody'll miss me, and I'm going to take Joe's place."

However, that couldn't be done. Joseph Wilson was the deserter, and Joseph Wilson must be shot to death as the penalty.

While the big officers couldn't promise anything, they did grant her a favor. She asked for an hour's visit with her brother, and they gave it to her. We had him shut up in the granary of a barn, and on that very morning I was given six men and told to guard him till he was wanted for execution.

It was thus that the gal came to me with a bit of paper on which was written:

"Pass Nellie Wilson to see the prisoner for one hour. See that she carries no weapons."

It was signed all straight, and I could not question her right. I was directed to see that she had no weapons hidden away, but Lord save you! I'd think I'd even referred to such a thing? No sir! When she looked up into my face, her eyes full of love and her heart beating like that of a wounded bird, I says to her, says I:

"Go right in, my dear, and may God bless you for what you have tried to do!"

Well, now, in about twenty minutes after she had passed in, what should enter my head but an idea which lifted my heels clean off the floor. If that gal was as smart as I took her to be, she had a plan to carry out. What? Why, to change places with Joey and send him out in her place. That was the idea, comrades, and for about five minutes I couldn't make up my mind what to do. I figured it out by and by, however.

Under one pretense and another I got all the men but a single guard away from the door, hung the lantern up so as to throw shadow where I wanted it, and while waiting for the gal to reappear I says to the guard, says I:

"Jim, that gal must feel just awful."

"Sartin she does," he answered.

"And when she comes out she'll be crying."

"Reckon she will."

"Poor thing, but I hope none o' us may seem to gaze at her too close. She might reckon we had no hearts."

I tell you, the last twenty minutes was a hull week to me, and I had to keep mopping the sweat off my face. At last there was a knock on the door, and I opened it and let her out. I just felt it in my bones that it was little Joe, and so I says, says I:

"Well, child, I'm sorry for you, and please don't think any of us here are to blame."

With that I hurried her out as fast as I could, and then had to sit down for the weakness in my knees.

Next morning—what! Just as I told you. When they opened the door to lead Joe to his death, she was just cute 'nuff to smile at 'em at that. Joey had been gone for hours, and was safe inside the Yankee lines.

Shoot her? Oh, no! They had to let her go, and it was such a smart trick that the big officers didn't want it talked about too much. Me? Well, the did start to do something or other, but Grant made a move just in the nick of time to bust up all proceedings, and nothing further was ever done. Nobody thought I had any knowledge of the plot, but they hankered for a victim, and might have put me in a serious plight but for having other business on hand.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A Wonderful Scarf-Pin.

Simon Wolf, a former Consul General to Egypt, when he was here last week showed a very beautiful scarf-pin which was given to him by one of the higher officials of Egypt. This pin is made of the body of a scarabee. This, in plain words, is a petrified Egyptian beetle. It is over four thousand years old. It has a cutting upon the back representing one of the high priests standing before the King. The color of this scarabee is a faint greenish blue. The marks of the beetle are as perfect in this petrification. This beautiful object was found in the tomb of one of the Pharaohs. It is one of the most perfect specimens of these very rare and much coveted relics. Mr. Wolf says that he was offered one thousand pounds for it by the British Museum. A number of people have tried to tempt Mr. Wolf to part with this keepsake, but he refuses to give it up for friendship or money. The grateful Egyptian official who gave it to him has been befriended by Mr. Wolf to this extent. Mr. Wolf, and it was through the influence of the latter that the Khedive gave the ribbon of the Legion of Honor to the ambitious Egyptian official. He in his turn of gratitude for this favor pressed this royal present upon Mr. Wolf. One evening when Mr. Wolf was exhibiting this jewel a beetle identical in size, shape and marking lighted upon the dark coat sleeve of a gentleman who a moment before had been looking at Mr. Wolf's prize. This Saratoga beetle was a perfect specimen of the Egyptian scarabee, save that the American beetle was light yellow in color. It is possible that the process of petrification, however, would have changed this color.—*Saratoga Letter.*

### A Big Fish's Big Jump.

As John Frayne, mate of the schooner *Traveler*, and a companion were rowing a yawlboat in the river off against the Portland quarries last Monday morning their attention was attracted by a violent commotion in the water. Examination showed a fight in progress between a sturgeon and some other fish, the nature of which they could not determine. The sturgeon was evidently getting worsted in the combat, when, making a desperate effort to escape his enemy, he leaped clean out of the water and plumped into the boat, to the great surprise and consternation of the other inmates. When taken ashore and measured he was found to be five and a half feet in length and three and a half in circumference, and weighed one hundred and fifty pounds.—*Hartford Courant.*

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—W. T. Adams (Oliver Optie), is sixty-three years old.

—James D. Fish, the convicted New York banker, is known as "No. 19,554" in Auburn Prison.

—Abraham Lincoln is poundmaster in Syracuse, and the *Journal* says he "goes about the town doing good."

—In one of the last poems written by Victor Hugo—a little verse of four lines—he mentions God, in a reverential spirit, twice.

—Sydney Bartlett, one of Boston's ablest barristers, is said to have amassed a fortune of \$12,000,000, principally from fortunate railroad speculations.

—A Long Island news item states that a brother of the late Sir Moses Montefiore, the eminent Hebrew philanthropist, occupies a grave in the old burying ground at Sag Harbor.

—At a parish church in Surrey, England, recently a widower of eighty-four was married to a widow of eighty-seven. The bridegroom was attended by a grandson, and the bride by a couple of great-granddaughters.

—A dude who poked languid fun at the gambols in the surf of some Block Island waiter girls was treated by them to an involuntary bath, clothes and all. His attire lost its freshness and his manner was less languid as he skipped for his hotel amid the jeers of the on-lookers.

—"For fifty-three years," says General Tombs, "my dear wife was my constant friend, companion and adviser. We traveled four continents of the world together, and visited many islands of the seas. Now she is waiting for me with the same sweet faith she so well illustrated here."

—The favorite amusement of the late Rev. Dr. Ogden at his country home near Bridgeport, Conn., was to carve upon the rocks the names of authors whom he most admired, together with quotations from their works; also Bible sentences such as, "God is love" and "Blessed are the pure in heart."

—Miss Miranda Davis, of Stafford, Conn., was being gradually starved to death for the last fifteen years. Occasionally she takes a sip of water and eats a few cracker crumbs, but that is all. Sometimes, it is stated, she goes forty-seven days without food or drink. Although emaciated, her general health is moderately good.

—Dr. Sanborn, of Illinois, states that he protected completely from rabbits and mice his six hundred pear trees with a wash of lime and water, with enough copperas added to change the color to a deep green. Some cheap glue was added to make it adhere to the trees. Neither rabbits nor mice would touch the tree thus treated.

### "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—On account of the hard times coats are worn longer than usual.

—An Englishman of our acquaintance says he was never shaved by a barber in his life; he has always shaven a razor of his own.

—Fresh watermelons are an excellent cholera preventive. The person who dies from the effects of eating them will never have the cholera.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"Did you hurt any birds to-day?" inquired the old farmer of the amateur sportsman. "Well, no," he replied, as he sorted out his legs from the barbed wire fence, "but I guess I made some of 'em soar."

—A first-class giraffe now costs twenty-five thousand dollars. This may account, to some extent, for the dull times. A man who buys a giraffe of this sort puts twenty-five thousand dollars into circulation, but few men want to pay that price, and so their money lies idle. What this country needs is cheaper giraffes.

—A doctor was visiting a lady who was in the habit of sending for him constantly without being ill in any way, and she was entertaining him with a full and particular account of her maladies, the list of which was as long as her glove. "Ah, madam," said he, with a look of admiration, "what robust health you must enjoy in order to be able to stand all these complaints!"

—A countryman in a restaurant ordered roast lamb, and the waiter bawled to the cook, "One lamb!" "Great Scott, Mister!" cried the countryman, "I can't eat a hull lamb; gimme some fried oysters instead." "One fried," bawled the waiter. "Well! Methusalem's ghost! Mister, one fried oyster haint goin' to be enough. Gimme a dozen of 'em. Durn these city eatin' places."—*Peck's Sun.*

—"Where are you going, Johnnie?" "Only over here a little ways." "You ain't a going near the water?" "Nonsense." "See that you don't, then. If you do I'll tell your father."

"Yes'm." "And if you go into the water and come home to me drowned, I'll spank you till you can't stand." "Yes'm." "Now mind." "Yes'm." And thus it is all through vacation.—*Boston Post.*

—A Flip for Flipkins.—Flipkins came down to the club last night with a great problem weighing on his mind. "If I should stand on my head," he said, coming up to the boys with the air of a man who has got a poser. "If I stand on my head the blood all rushes into my head, doesn't it?" No one ventured to contradict him. "Now," continued he, triumphantly, "when I stand on my feet why doesn't the blood all rush into my feet?" "Because," replied Miss Coshannigan's brother, "because, Flipkins, your feet are not empty."—*Lynn Union.*



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## GAPES IN CHICKENS.

Description of a Parasitic Nuisance Affecting Poultry.

Gapes in chickens is the result of a parasitic worm, named *Sclerostoma syngamus* or *syngamus trachealis*, which, accumulating in the windpipe, produces the peculiar action termed gapes, eventually causing death by strangulation when fully grown, if occurring in five or more pairs in the case of young chickens, or thirty or more pairs in grown fowls. A single pair of these worms will produce eggs enough in two or three generations to infest a whole flock. Hence the importance of using every precaution to prevent their breeding by entirely excluding fowls from places where the gapes have been known to exist. The greatest mortality in chickens is in young birds from two to four months old, and probably from the fact that young chickens are more apt to swallow the gravid worm than the eggs.

It has generally been supposed until within the last few years that some intermediate host was necessary to complete the life history of this parasite, yet this host was not definitely known. Dr. Pierre Megnin, a French naturalist, in 1879 received the five hundred dollar prize given by Lord Walsingham for the most complete life history of *syngamus*, but recognized by Dr. Wiesen-thall, of Baltimore, so long ago as 1797, as the cause of the disease. Dr. Megnin supposed no intermediate host was required, but that fowls picked up the eggs or the young parasite when hatched. The probability is that Dr. Megnin may have been partially correct in his statement, but within the last year the life history of the parasite has shown that they do inhabit earth worms, but not all, and that in districts where infested earth worms are not found fowls are not infected with gapes.

The life history of the parasite producing gapes in chickens is given in the *Microscope*, from which it is found that earth worms containing the embryos are eaten by the fowl. The embryos are liberated from the earth worm and force their way through into the air sacs, thence work their way through to the lungs, where they pass through the nymph stage and acquire sexual maturity. The male and female then unite and attach themselves, by their sucker-like mouths, to the mucous membrane of the trachea. Between six and seven days are required for its entrance. Into the fowl until its attachment to the trachea. In seven days more the eggs within the body of the worm become mature; they are coughed up, swallowed by the fowl, and pass through into the soil. In three weeks these eggs, exposed to the moisture and sun, hatch the embryos, find their way into the earthworm, where they remain until picked up by some bird, when the above process is repeated.

It may therefore be taken for granted that fowls kept from earth worms will be free from this parasite. But this may be a difficult matter when fowls are allowed their liberty. A writer in the *New York Tribune*—one time since stated that the ejected worms die immediately, but the eggs retained their vitality, according to their condition in respect to heat and moisture. In dry, warm earth at a temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit they retain their vitality nearly or quite a whole year. In moist earth, when the temperature rises as high as seventy degrees Fahrenheit, the eggs will hatch, though very slowly, and the temperature required for their normal hatching and development is that of the internal organs of the chicken.

It will be plain, whatever the theory of existence, that the proper means for preventing the spread of this disease is to burn the crop and entire respiratory apparatus of every fowl killed of a flock suspected to be infested. Burying, however deep, will not accomplish the purpose of destruction, since earth worms will get them. It would seem to be certain that this burning and keeping the fowls as much from earth worms as possible, and when infested feeding on dry food with pure water to drink, would be indicated. As to alleged specifics, favoring the food strongly with garlic, red pepper or fengreek seed, are popular remedies. When the gapes are known in fowls, opening the

mouth and a small feather, stripped nearly to the end, dipped in turpentine, is thrust in the windpipe and turned round, which often causes the worms to be ejected. Sulphurous fumigation carried nearly to the point of strangulation of the fowl has also been recommended, but the means of prevention given may be taken under our present knowledge of the disease as the most perfect means. It is hardly probable that internal remedies, administered by way of the crop, can do much good.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## YOUNG COLTS.

An Expert Who Recommends the Use of Cow's Milk for Them.

It sometimes happens that the milk of the dam is quite insufficient to promote healthy vigorous growth in the young foal, and occasionally it becomes necessary to raise a foal entirely independent of the dam. In such cases the best possible adjunct or substitute for the milk of the dam is cow's milk. It should be sweetened at first, as the milk of the mare is sweeter than that of the cow. A little patient effort will soon result in teaching the colt to drink milk readily, but be careful not to give him too much at a time. A half-pint is quite sufficient for a colt two or three days old; but the ration should be repeated often—not less than six times a day, the idea being to give the colt really all it will drink, but to feed so often that it will not require very much at a time. As the colt grows older the amount should be increased, and grass, with oats, should be added as soon as the colt is old enough to eat. No ration is better for a colt than cow's milk with these adjuncts. After the colt is two months old skimmed milk should be substituted for the fresh cow's milk. Should there be any trouble from constipation it would be well to add about one pint of oil meal per day to the ration; in fact, I would recommend the use of oil meal in all cases, as it furnishes a large proportion of muscle and bone-forming food. If the oil meal is not obtainable, flaxseed may be used. A half-pint of flaxseed boiled with two quarts of bran will make two good feeds for a colt, and this ration may profitably be alternated with the other food. Indeed, it will be well in all cases where, from lack of an abundance of milk from the dam, or from scanty nutrition of any kind, the foal is low in flesh, to early supply the deficiency with a good allowance of cow's milk in addition to what it gets from the dam. The effect of such a ration upon the growth and condition is wonderful, and in all cases where the foal is likely otherwise to enter winter low in flesh I can not too highly recommend its use. A quart of milk morning and evening, in addition to the grain ration, will be sufficient.—*Breeders' Gazette.*

## When to Dig Potatoes.

Usually potatoes are the best off if dug as soon as ripe; this is especially the case in "muggy" weather or hot weather between showers. They should be stored in a cool cellar, without too much light, or they will turn green and perhaps rot. To guard against rotting be careful about bruising, it being better to carry them down in baskets than to allow them to fall through a cellar window, as is often practised later in the season. It is much cheaper to dig before grass and weeds grow between the rows. Potatoes are ready for digging as soon as the tops lie down. It is best to dig them early in the day and allow them to remain on the ground a few hours, when they should be taken to the barn and stored in a cool, dark, dry place; but it is not advisable to place too many in a single heap. All diseased or injured potatoes should be removed from the lot.—*Concord Patriot.*

—Lemon Cake: One egg, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda and two cups of flour. Icing: One grated lemon and one cup of sugar. I hardly ever use a cup of sugar, as we like it quite tart. Do not cook the icing.—*Household.*

—If the flower garden can not be kept in good order it is too large.—*N. E. Farmer.*

## BOWEL DERANGEMENTS.

The Danger of the Affliction and Its Most Natural Treatment.

That the worst forms of bowel complaints result, and that directly, from eating and drinking, far more than from climate and sudden changes of the temperature, can not admit of a reasonable doubt. Most of this indigestion is referable to rapid eating, insufficient chewing, the food, as it reaches the stomach, being unprepared for the second stage of the digestive process, from the use of improper food, that too taxing to the digestive organs, the use of crude and unripe, or partially decayed fruits, to irregularity in eating, excess, etc. And here it may be remarked that it is rare while so many are governed far more by mere taste, than by the judgment and conscience, in the selection of their food, to have due regard to the proper proportion of the various kinds of food used, while the majority take far more food than the system demands. This may be particularly true in the use of meats and fruits in a country in which both can be had in abundance, ordinarily, if one has the means for the purchase of their food. While it is generally admitted—in modern times—that ripe and fresh fruits are wholesome, these may be particularly used in excess, often proving a curse rather than a blessing, in accordance with their design. This follows, in part, from the fact that some persons regard them as outside the realm of food, to be taken at any time, in any quantities, as a mere sensual indulgence. Instead of being taken as a part of the meals, they are often taken in large quantities, at the close, in addition to a sufficient quantity of food, and between meals, severely taxing the digestive organs. Though most of these are easy of digestion, compared with ordinary foods, there is an added labor, too often crushing toils, so deranging the stomach that much undigested food passes into the bowels in an unprepared state, irritating and inflaming them, preparing the way for serious derangements and disease.

I will here remark that dysentery is usually preceded by constipation, and that, as strange as it may seem, this state, a stoppage, continues during the worst stage of the disease, the improvement immediately following the relief. If physic may ever be given, this is the time for its administration, during dysentery! It is a matter of vital importance to avoid having any crude or undigested food pass into the bowels in this disease. The disease is continued, aggravated and often rendered uncontrollable by such irritants, to avoid which it is necessary to discard solid food—even milk, which solidifies before digestion—taking liquids which will in no respect tax digestion, still affording all needed nourishment. Such liquids can be prepared from a thin gruel made of the "crude gluten," strained and perfectly clear, very nourishing and bland. This may be given once in two hours if needed, as it does not require digestion, being assimilated in the circulatory system. This will furnish all needed nourishment, though it may be well to add a little pure and clear juice of such fruits as the peach, ripe and fresh, in its best condition, with that of similar fruits. With such foods, with no irritants introduced into the bowels, often cleansed by warm water injections, the disease ought soon to yield.—*Dr. J. H. Hanford, in Golden Rule.*

## She Took One.

"Are the fall styles of wall paper in yet?" she anxiously inquired.

"Yes'm."

That was at ten o'clock in the morning. At one o'clock in the afternoon, after having 284 samples displayed before her on the rack, she tenderly inquired:

"Have you any more?"

"No'm."

"Are you sure these are the very latest fall styles?"

"Yes'm."

"Then—then I guess I'll take a roll—one for two shillings. I want to paper a trunk!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—According to a Boston paper that has given special attention to the matter, more than twenty centenarians have been brought to public notice in the last three months.